

# INITIATED

DREAMS  
DEPRESSION

DELUSIONS

UAP

SHADOW PEOPLE  
PSYCHOSIS

SLEEP PARALYSIS

## MATTHEW ROBERTS

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# INITIATED

UAP, Dreams, Depression, Delusions,  
Shadow People, Psychosis, Sleep Paralysis, and Pandemics

MATTHEW ROBERTS

Initiated: UAP, Dreams, Depression, Delusions, Shadow People, Psychosis, Sleep Paralysis, and Pandemics

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The passage of this book to those ready for the instruction will attract the attention of such as are prepared to receive the Teaching. And, likewise, when the pupil is ready to receive the truth, then will this little book come to him, or her. Such is The Law.

-The Kybalion

There are many who are called, but few who become bacchoi.

-Plato

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## FOREWORD

I was honored when Matthew first contacted me in 2018. After he read my book, *Incident at Devils Den*, he concluded that we had many shared experiences and parallels in our pasts. He wanted to discuss and compare our stories. Like me, Matt recognized the differences, commonalities, and parallel aspects of our experiences. At times in our lives we both faced being under the control of otherworldly forces.

Like so many others who have contacted me over the years, what Matthew truly sought was validation. Confirmation that he was not losing his grip on reality. Because of the sensitive nature of his duties in the USN, Matthew's ability to discuss his encounters candidly with a friend or colleague were limited. My career in the legal world and position as a public servant made it impossible to tell my story openly for 40 years.

We had so many things in common. I understood him immediately. It's an odd thing when one experiencer meets another and discovers that common ground. The stories are not identical, but the experience of being manipulated and physically controlled by these entities, ETs, interdimensional beings, or demons... whatever you call them, is the same.

While I've experienced the unknown for a lifetime, one major event in my life occurred in June 1977 while I was on active duty in the United States Air Force. I never voluntarily told a soul what my friend and I witnessed that day in a remote Arkansas wilderness. No one except my wife. I waited until six years after my retirement in 2012 before telling my story. I published *Devils Den* in 2018. I knew I'd face criticism from my peers in the legal community. Damn the consequences.

I was even more honored when Matthew asked me to read his manuscript and write a foreword for this book. In addition to the candid facts disclosed, Matthew also shares with you his personal attempts to process these encounters and events. It is truly a journey.

While many folks would have sought comfort and understanding from their religious beliefs, Matthew's life's anchor was not in organized, dogmatic religion. He chose the writings of Greek mythology and other sources of wisdom. The ideas in these writings have withstood the test of time. It's a shame they're no longer taught in secondary school in the United States. I admit, I am not well-versed in the

subject of mythology. It is not necessary to have a familiarity with the topic because Matthew does such an excellent job of comparing and contrasting his reality with the characters in these mythologies.

I recall reading Plato's story about the cave dwellers and a world defined by shadows. If you have never read the story, I encourage you to read it. It's relatively short, but it is as relevant today as it was when written. I am also a lifelong fan of Dr. Carl Jung's work in symbolism and other belief systems that Matthew encountered along his journey.

I have an undergraduate degree in psychology, but I'm not a psychologist or certified therapist. However, after a lifelong career in the law, practicing as an attorney representing both plaintiff and defendants, I'm a fairly good judge of someone's veracity. Especially after several hours of phone conversation and the exchange of many emails. I use this "vetting process" to separate the "wheat from the chaff" when I interact with people claiming experiences with the paranormal.

It became obvious to me that we were "cut from the same cloth." We were both prior military and we both found ourselves trying to process our incredible esoteric experiences.

I've received over 1,400 emails from readers of my book wishing to candidly share their encounters with the unknown. Matthew was on active duty at the time we spoke. He was under certain constraints preventing his complete candor. I understood. Divulging secrets, even by a benign misspoken word, carried consequences for him personally, career wise and most importantly potential danger to the safety and security of the United

States, whom he had sworn to defend.

Matthew Roberts is a 16 year veteran who served in the United States Naval Intelligence Service. When he began his enlistment, like everyone else newly enlisted, he was tested to determine his aptitude in varying areas. This is how initiates to active duty military are placed job wise. The tests used have been utilized in this selection process for over 75 years. It's how the US Navy determine who's best suited to be a cook, a radar operator, or engine mechanic.

Very few candidates possess the deductive reasoning skills Matthew's test results proved. But high test scores alone are only half of the selection process. Initiates



must demonstrate high character traits and rock solid stability to be selected. They are subject to a background test that involves Naval Intelligence officers knocking on the doors of friends, neighbors, teachers and the like. They conduct personal interviews to determine what type of character traits define Matthew Roberts. Those with transgressions in their past involving truthfulness and honesty are eliminated at this step. Many are considered but few are chosen. The result is that our intelligence services are composed of the "best of the best." Honest and highly intelligent men and women

In case you're unfamiliar, "cryptology" is defined in the New Oxford Dictionary as "the art of creating and deciphering codes." In today's modern military that skill set is much broader than the simple description implies, solving word problems with paper and pencil. It's a technological world of complex digital information entrusted to the cryptographer to draft accurately and transmit securely.

So important is Matthew's message that in March of 2020 he left the United States Navy for civilian life. He decided his ability to write and speak freely about face-to-face encounters with extraterrestrial beings and their crafts, outweighed his opportunity for personal gain and financial security.

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His message, and its high cost, proves the urgency in this matter is justified. As we say in the legal community, "time is of the essence." Perhaps in the entire history of humanity has that never been truer.

In many ways, Matthew's book was the catalyst to share the experiences of others, people who shared their personal experiences with me and allowed me to share them with you. His accounts are so detailed as to defy credulity. Matthew is not a man subject to confabulation or exaggeration. In our 2018 telephone conversations, Matthew weighted his words carefully, correcting me if I made an unintentional embellishment.

By writing this book, Matthew assumed the risks involved. It's something that could carry consequences and expose him to ridicule. I salute Matthew's sacrifice. He was just four years away from retirement, likewise, as a veteran myself, I understand the courage it takes to write candidly about experiences with the paranormal that many cannot accept as truth.

In 2015, Matthew was aboard the Theodore Roosevelt as part of a "strike group" or collection of naval warships. He was onboard during the events that brought us the now declassified Gimbal and Go Fast footage. Unfortunately, he cannot go into the details of the events that brought us that footage. He refused even after my encouragement to do so. I respect that and consider him a patriot in that regard.

During his career as a cryptologist, he participated in numerous deployments all over the world. He was chosen to train others in the subtleties of the craft as they prepared for deployments.

After the workups and subsequent deployment of the Theodore Roosevelt strike group he transferred to his new duty station where he worked as an analyst at the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington DC. It was during his time at the Office of Naval Intelligence that he began to experience subsequent personal experiences with the phenomenon.

Speaking from experience, it's not uncommon for these esoteric events to "ramp up" after an encounter.

In March of 2020 Matthew left the Office of Naval Intelligence forever. I suspect his encounters with a blue lady will continue episodically for many years. Matthew is not the only human to encounter the blue lady. She's become well documented in the UFO world for years.

Within his experiences he found an ultimate truth that he describes simply as "consciousness." The breadth and scope of consciousness exceeds any written text. Science today does not understand the nature of consciousness. It's location within the brain has never been found. It's defined simply as "a state of awareness." Evidence now shows consciousness may reside outside and separate from the human body. The mystery crosses lines between medicine and physics.

Matthew's goal is to raise awareness of the phenomenon. Also, to help us to question and attempt to understand consciousness and its deep implications for the human race. He wants the world to know that there are dire results waiting for the human race in denying the existence of the phenomenon.

By world governments keeping knowledge of this phenomenon a closely guarded secret, humanity is denied the opportunity to embrace Whitley's "New World" and foster a global mindset of higher consciousness. I was told by an entity in 2017 that mankind "must learn to act globally and not regionally." This book may leave you questioning the world around you that we take for granted daily.

Terry Lovelace

Bestselling author of Incident at Devils Den Former Asst. Attorney General USAF  
Veteran

Lifelong Experienter

## NOTE TO THE READER

I wrote you this book out of my unconditional love for mankind; to be etched in the timeline of the human experience as a testament to a brutally painful truth; to the difficult journey we all must take; to the beauty of what we must become; and to the strength and resiliency of the human race. We all have value. We will all have a role to play in our journey homeward toward the stars.

Matthew Roberts 2020

Initiated:

*UAP, Dreams, Depression, Delusions, Shadow People, Psychosis, Sleep Paralysis,  
and Pandemics*

## Chapter One

### THE CALL TO ADVENTURE AND REFUSAL OF THE CALL

As I sit down and begin to write this book about my experiences involving what people currently describe as aliens and the paranormal, I wonder where or how I can begin to describe the indescribable. I know that no matter what words I put on paper, I can never do it the justice it deserves. I have beginnings and endings rolling through my mind. Life is full of them; endless cycles of beginnings and endings that, at times, unexpectedly come crashing through your life like a wrecking ball through a brick wall. We prefer the kinder and gentler beginnings, such as the birth of a child, or a wedding; while shielding ourselves from life's harsher moments; but if we don't view them both equally as the gifts that they are, then we have lost something very precious that we may never regain. It is through the chaos of the wrecking ball that we discover who we really are, and it is in both the gentler and the harsher moments that we should apply that knowledge of self. We tell these stories of beginnings and endings as cycles of the hero in human mythology. If we could see through to all of the veiled truths hidden in this mythology spanning the ages of human existence, we would begin to understand how to live our lives; who and what we are. Who among us hasn't envisioned themselves as the hero? It is the hero myth playing constantly in the background of the human subconscious that keeps us reaching ever onward and upward for that which lies just beyond our grasp. The myths teach us that the hero endures great hardship on their journey to becoming the savior.

We speak of freedom a lot here in the United States, yet so few of us have actually experienced freedom or can even wrap our minds around what this concept actually means. One can never know freedom unless they have known the shackles of bondage; one can never know pleasure without the knowledge of pain. I know there can be no beginnings without endings; no life without death; it is an inescapable and very painful truth. Even as mild-mannered, level-headed, and emotionally stable as I thought I was; I think about the person I once was, and will never be again; full of hate and anger; consumed by fear. I now see that for what it was; a lifelong journey to the knowledge of self-to my center. "Know thyself," is a rather famous saying and was inscribed on the wall at the ancient Greek Temple of Delphi. Just like the word freedom, it is an enigma that almost nobody truly

understands. The mythologic hero understands these seemingly simple words on a level that transcends the human condition and mortal existence. Through knowledge of self he transcends it all; becoming a living god; experiencing a liberation and a freedom that few of us have actually known.

In the beginning of 2017, I knew what I was doing, and where I was going; I was sure that I had life figured out. My hubris was about to be exposed in the most humiliating, painful, and terrifying ways, as I learned the truth of what it means to be human. In understanding this truth and the immense responsibility that truth carries with it, I know that I can never again partake of any feast of hate, anger, or fear. I can never again allow these toxins entrance to my soul. It is the heaviest of burdens and the greatest of blessings.

These days, I approach burdens and blessings as I approach pleasure or pain; I embrace them as one and the same. I do so without reservation or judgment; head-on, from the refuge of my tower of inner strength and wisdom while doing my best to lead a life of grace and virtue. So many of us are lost at sea, drifting aimlessly, tossed about by the storms of life- our vision clouded by the fog of emotion. There are always beacons of light showing us the way home; if we would only bother to lift our heads and search the horizon of our inner being for them.

My goal in writing this book is that it may act as such a beacon; guiding you home; calling you home through the darkness of the storm. For me, the words of the most famous of beacons takes on a much deeper meaning; a meaning in word and physical form that too few of us have known. She stands as testament to the powerful myth playing in the collective human subconscious. Standing as a rock in the storm with her crown of golden light and immortal torch of fire held high she says:

*Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless,  
tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!*

I currently live and work in Washington DC. It is the capitol city of a nation that possesses this beacon of wisdom that we don't understand, and I worry that we will never live up to what it truly represents. Many of us learn this poem in school and we see her form in images without ever understanding that there is a much deeper meaning that has to do with the true nature of the universe in this great



statue of ours; a terrifying, dangerous, and beautiful truth. I see tour busses constantly touring the city and I wonder what future tour groups will see hundreds or thousands of years from now, and what will their guides tell them about this place as they gaze on whatever remains of our capitol.

Two possibilities come to mind. I've been all over the world on these types of tours and the story is the same no matter what the ancient city. "This is where it ended. There once was a great, wealthy and powerful civilization that existed here; and these are the ruins of their once thriving capitol city. They succumbed to their own greed and fear, destroying their civilization from the inside out." I wonder if this is what will be said of this city one day? Some may say it's inevitable. I can envision a second possibility. A tour guide leading a group through the city saying, "This is where it began.

The events that transpired here are why humanity now exists as a tower of strength and a beacon of light in the universe. The spark that lit the fire of the soul of humanity was struck here; and these are the ruins of that city."

No doubt there will be those who dismiss my work as the ramblings of a madman led through delusion by the noxious fumes of swamp gas, light phenomenon through temperature inversion, ball lightning, and weather balloons that came together in a perfect storm within my bedroom to bring you this work. Nonetheless, I am going to share with you my experiences. Along the way, I will point out others that have had the same experiences throughout the history of humanity, giving us our rich history of religion and mythology that, at times, has been misguided at best, and weaponized at its worst. In doing so, I hope to instill in you the gravity and seriousness of the matter at hand. In giving you examples, my desire is that you will take a closer look and begin to scratch the surface of this for yourself. In doing so, you will become a quester of truth and will see that everything I experienced, as disturbing as it may seem to some, is supported by fact-a truth that resides in our stories of fiction and myth.

I began playing some music to set the mood as I began to write. "Heaven" by Angels and Airwaves was the first song that popped up. "Heaven" has become one of my new favorite songs, and I listen to it often. Some of the imagery in the unofficial music video is what I picture when I think about my favorite mythology from ancient Greece. For me, what comes to mind is the natural beauty of the poplar

tree and its uses in mythology. Specifically what comes to mind is the quaking aspen or (*Populus tremula*). It is a poplar that is prevalent in North America and can be found growing in some of nature's most beautiful and striking landscapes. Places like Crested Butte, Colorado. If you look up images of the quaking aspen you will see what I mean the autumn landscape of rocky outcroppings high in the mountains covered in these white-barked trees and yellow leaves. It arouses in the mind the air of an inspired fairy tale. It seems as though these trees must have been placed in this landscape to remind us of what heaven must look like.

The quaking aspen gets its name from the way its leaves seem to tremble noisily with fear in the slightest of shifting breezes. To the ancient Greeks however, the poplar tree was viewed quite differently. In ancient Greece, the wind was said to carry the messages of the gods. When the wind would blow, the poplar's leaves would become excited as the tree tuned in to receive its divine correspondence. Hercules was given a crown made of the poplar at the end of his hero's journey, symbolic of his successful struggle to transcend the human condition and become divine. The goddess Persephone, who was queen of the underworld, kept a poplar grove outside the gates to the underworld. Symbolic of the divinity that awaits those who successfully return from their treacherous decent into the underworld.

The true beauty of this tree is not just visual. As a living organism, it's equally stunning. This tree has the ability to prune itself, giving it its very clean, manicured appearance. Its bark is capable of photosynthesis; enabling it to produce food for itself, even in the dead of winter. It's incredibly resilient and recovers quickly from forest fires. The key to this resiliency is hidden underground in its root system. It may seem that these trees are individual living organisms at a glance above ground. Underground, however, it is revealed that a forest of these trees is in fact a single living organism that is connected through a large knot of interconnected roots. The ancient Greeks knew this and it's why they used it in their mythology. To them, the poplar represented natural perfection, independence, fearlessness, and beauty all encapsulated in this divine plant. To the ancient Greeks it represented everything humanity was capable of becoming.

There is a Greek myth concerning the Greek goddess Persephone who kept poplars outside the gates of the underworld. It is the story of how she became the queen of the underworld. I recently came across this ancient Greek myth in the form of a

famous hymn. It was written in the same poetic style and form as the Iliad and the Odyssey by Homer. It is called the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, and I feel it fits perfectly in the beginning of this book. To understand the journey one must be familiar with this myth. The myth's importance in the hero's journey is the reason this story was central to the ancient Greek Mysteries. They were known as the Eleusinian Mysteries as they were practiced at the temple to Demeter in Eleusis, Greece at the foot of the Acropolis.

As there were in many cultures throughout the world, the Mysteries were schools that individuals were initiated into. They were central to the Greek religious experience. The Homeric Hymn to Demeter concerns the goddess Demeter and her daughter Persephone. To the ancient Greeks, Demeter was goddess of vegetation, harvest, sacred law, and the cycle of life and death. Demeter and Persephone were immortal goddesses that were always depicted as very beautiful young women with soft feminine features. Despite these depictions, Persephone's name in ancient Greek means the destroyer and bringer of death. Some of the inhabitants of ancient Greece dared not speak her name out of the fear that they might summon death to their doorstep.

In the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, Persephone is out picking and admiring flowers with the daughters of Okeanos on the plane of Nysa. She picks roses, crocus, violets, irises, and the hyacinth. She comes across the narcissus flower which was purposely designed by Gaia, the goddess of the earth, to be so beautiful that Persephone would be distracted by its beauty. It was Hades, the god of the underworld that directed Gaia to construct such a flower. All of this was done with the blessing of Zeus, the king of the gods and Persephone's father, who had agreed to the plan of Hades' abduction of Persephone.

As she is distracted while gazing on the beauty of the narcissus flower, Hades grabs Persephone from his chariot drawn by undead horses. Persephone screams in her immortal voice as she is abducted, but none of the other immortals or mortals hear her scream, except Hecate and Helios. The goddess Hecate was the goddess of magic, witchcraft, night, moon, ghosts, and necromancy. Helios was the god of the sun, guardian of oaths, and keeper of human and immortal sight.

Hades brings Persephone to the underworld to be his wife. Persephone had hope that she would one day see her mother again, as she continued to call out in her

immortal voice that resounded throughout the world. Persephone's mother, Demeter, heard her daughter's cries and was stricken with grief.

Distraught by the disappearance of her daughter, she puts on a dark cloak and sets out to find her beloved Persephone. For nine days she wanders and nobody can tell her what has happened to her daughter. In her grief, she does not partake of ambrosia, the immortal nectar of the gods, and refuses to bathe her body in water. On the tenth day of grieving, Hecate comes to Demeter with torch in hand and asks Demeter which one of the gods or mortals has taken Persephone. Hecate explains that she heard Persephone cry out but did not see who abducted her.

Together, Demeter and Hecate set out to visit the god Helios, the seeing eye of gods and men. When they arrive, Demeter asks Helios who has taken her daughter. Helios tells Demeter that Persephone was abducted by Hades with the blessing of Zeus. Demeter is devastated by the news, even though Helios tells her it's not that bad. In her grief, Demeter shuns the company of the other gods on Olympus. Instead, she wanders the earth visiting various mortal cities disguised as an old woman.

The disguised Demeter ends up in Eleusis, where she rests near a well along the road that leads to the house of the Lord of Eleusis. As the disguised Demeter sits under the shade of an olive tree, the Lord's four daughters come to the well. The daughters ask this old woman who she is and why she's wandered so far from the city. The disguised Demeter tells the girls her name is Doso. She tells the four daughters she is from Crete but that she was kidnapped from there by pirates. The ship she was on with these pirates was beached on the shores of Thorikos. There the ship was boarded by many women from the mainland. The disguised Demeter tells the Lord's daughters that she escaped as the pirates began preparing dinner next to the beached ship. She then wandered and was unsure where she was exactly. She told the girls she was looking for a house with children in which she could do a woman's work. The daughters invite the disguised Demeter to the palace to care for their baby brother Demophon.

Demophon was not well, as he was born to their older mother. Demeter assists the girls in filling jars of water from the well and they proceed to the palace. When they reach the palace, the daughters rush into the chamber where their mother is seated with Demophon in her lap. Demeter waits in the entryway wearing her dark

cloak and a veil over her face. Her head nearly touches the ceiling and the dark entryway is bathed in her divine light. When the Lady of Eleusis sees the disguised Demeter, she is struck with a sense of awe and holy wonder. The Lady offers the disguised Demeter her splendid seat. Demeter refuses the splendid chair and instead sits on a stool.

Demeter sat on this stool for a long time and made no attempt to speak. She sat depressed thinking about her daughter Persephone with her eyes cast down at the floor. An old woman, lambe, came along and started making many jokes with Demeter. This made Demeter laugh and turned her mood in another direction. From that point on, lambe became a part of Demeter's sacred rites performed at her temple in Eleusis.

The Lady of Eleusis offered Demeter a cup with honey-sweet wine but the disguised Demeter refused the wine claiming that it was divinely ordained that she not drink red wine. Instead, Demeter asked for some water and barley with pennyroyal to drink. The Lady of Eleusis prepares this drink for the disguised Demeter. The Lady of Eleusis then tells Demeter that she has the appearance of having been born to nobility. The Lady asked the disguised Demeter to care for her son who was not well. The disguised Demeter tells the Lady she will care for him and she has the perfect antidote for Demophon.

The goddess Demeter begins to care for the boy with her immortal hands and his family is amazed at how well the boy is progressing under the care of this old woman. The boy was growing like a daimon. His parents looked on him as they would look on the gods. The secret to his amazing recovery was that Demeter, still disguised as an old woman, decided to turn Demophon into an immortal god. She did this to repay the family for their kindness towards her. Secretly she had been delivering the boy rites by bathing him in ambrosia and placing Demophon into a fire to burn like a log every night; burning away his mortal soul.

Demeter is discovered by the Lady of Eleusis as she burns Demophon in the fire one night. The Lady of Eleusis reacts badly to this sight and screams. Demeter becomes angry at the response of the boy's mother and decides to reveal herself as the goddess Demeter. She chides the boy's mother for behaving like a silly mortal and for being unable to tell the difference from good fortune and bad. She tells the Lady she would have made the boy an immortal god. But the boy will now only be

immortal for a short time just by virtue of having sat in her lap and slept in her immortal arms. Because the boy's mother had interrupted the process, Demeter was forced to halt the ritual and the action could not be undone.

Demeter proclaims that from now until the end of time the sons of Eleusis will have a great battle among themselves at the right time every year. Demeter then demands that a temple be erected to her, the goddess Demeter, at the foot of the Acropolis. She then shed her dark robes and old age. She was enveloped in beauty as her divine light shone like a bolt of lightning; illuminating the entire palace. The Lady of Eleusis fell to her knees at the sight of Demeter in all her glory; forgetting all about her son. The four daughters ran downstairs from their chambers and grabbed Demophon. They began washing him as he gasped and sputtered. They hugged him but he could not be comforted because he was now being held by nursemaids who were far inferior. The family prayed all night to the goddess Demeter as they trembled with fear. The next morning the Lord of Eleusis gathered his people and explained what had happened. He informed them they had to build a temple to the goddess Demeter as she has demanded. The people obeyed and built her temple.

Demeter remained at this temple for a year. During this year of her absence from Olympus, the human race suffered dearly as did Demeter in the grief over her daughter, Persephone. Demeter, the nurturer of the earth, was absent from her divine duties. No seeds grew. There was no harvest. The people of the earth were starving.

Zeus noticed what was happening and sent different gods from Olympus to offer gifts to Demeter if she would just return to Olympus; but she refused. She stated that she would only return if she could see her daughter Persephone. Zeus then dispatches Hermes, the messenger and scribe of the gods, to the underworld to

retrieve Persephone who was in great pain at the hands of Hades. Hermes tells Hades that Zeus requests Persephone be set free. Hades gives up Persephone and tells her to go to her mother, but before he lets her leave, Hades gives Persephone a pomegranate seed to eat. Hades did this because when one eats in the underworld, they must return, and he did not want Persephone to leave forever. He wanted her to return.

Persephone then climbs into a chariot with Hermes and they head for Demeter, who is at her temple in Eleusis. When Hermes and Persephone arrive in Eleusis, Persephone rushes to her mother telling her everything that had transpired. She tells her mother that she was about to leave the underworld when Hades gave her a pomegranate seed and compelled her to eat it, but that she did not want to. When Demeter asked her how she came to be abducted by Hades, Persephone states that she was out in the meadows picking flowers with the daughters of Okeanos. She picked many flowers including narcissus. As she did this, the ground opened up underneath her and Hades grabbed her. She explained to her mother that he then took her down into the underworld against her will. Persephone and Demeter spent the rest of the day happily enjoying each other's company.

Hecate, the goddess of magic, witchcraft, night, moon, ghosts, and necromancy welcomed Persephone back with many embraces. From that day forward Hecate became Persephone's attendant and substitute queen of the underworld.

Zeus then dispatched his mother, Rhea, to bring Demeter back to the company of the gods at Olympus. Zeus tells Rhea that she is to inform Demeter that her daughter Persephone must spend one-third of the year in the underworld and the other two-thirds of the year would be spent in the company of Demeter and the other gods in Olympus.

Before Rhea arrived at the fields of Eleusis near Demeter's temple, they were barren and dead but began to flourish as soon as Rhea arrived, like springtime. Soon the fields were overflowing with grain. Demeter and Rhea rejoiced in each other's company. Rhea asked Demeter to come back to Olympus and to make the harvest for the humans. And so Demeter obeyed. Immediately she set up the harvest and all was well.

Demeter then showed the human people how to perform the rites and rituals at her temple so they could deliver them correctly for themselves. The holy ritual



could not be ignored and was not to be spoken of. Fear of the gods would hold back any speaking out. Blessed is he who among the earthbound has seen these things. But he who is uninitiated into these rites and takes no part in them; will not in death receive the things that initiates do. When Demeter finished her instructions, she and Persephone returned to Olympus where they abided at the side of Zeus.

Blessed is he, whom they (Demeter and Persephone), being kind, decide to love among earthbound mortals. To him they send riches to reside in his hearth.

Today's scholars read this mythology as a way that the ancients poetically spoke of the changing of the seasons, but it's so much more than that. As with all Greek mythology, it is in fact meant to teach. This hymn was one of 33 Homeric Hymns.

The Eleusinian Mysteries were known as one of the greater mysteries. The would-be initiates had to graduate from the lesser mysteries before continuing on to the greater mysteries. The truth of these mysteries were known only to its initiates and was never written down. All initiates had to be sponsored by a previous initiate who would remain at their side throughout the nine-month experience. In the temple to Demeter at Eleusis, there was an area where sacred artifacts were kept. They were only to be viewed and handled by initiates. There are accounts of children hopping the fence to the compound and viewing these objects. If discovered, they were immediately sentenced to death. As I write this, I believe the reason for this is that these artifacts were in fact artifacts of the "gods." The Knights Templar knew of this and it's what drove them to seek true religious artifacts all over the world. The same was true for the Nazis, as they understood that these artifacts could be technological and powerful in nature.

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Some would argue the Mysteries were practiced in Greece for some 2000 years. Greek art found around Eleusis concerning the Eleusinian Mysteries depicts an initiate standing between Demeter and Persephone as they hold torches to him. It depicts the pain of initiation and the burning away of the mortal soul.

Plutarch was a priest at the Temple of Delphi in ancient Greece. The Temple of Delphi was the seat of the oracle, a female priestess the Greek people would consult on matters of life. Despite the threat of death, Plutarch did leave a limited description of the Mysteries.

*The candidates were made to roam through winding subterranean passages. It was a peregrination through the dark, a journey to an invisible end, which put to the test all one's presence of mind. And then at the moment of decision, the initiates were subjected to terrors. They experienced shudders and trembling, they sweated with fear and were paralyzed with terror, until light was gradually admitted, and the day restored. With sacred chants and dancing choruses a magnificent place opened before them... The initiated was crowned with garlands, and by the side of pure and holy men he enjoyed the festival of rebirth.*

The Romans had their own version of the Mysteries that they borrowed from the Greeks, which were celebrated during the Saturnalia Festival. Later, these mysteries became the Gnostic Mysteries and made it into the Bible in the form of the Book of Revelation. Its counterpart in India is a book called the Bhagavad Gita in the Hindu religious texts known as the Mahabharata. In Egypt it was known as the Book of the Dead. I will break all of this down later in the book.

The Mysteries were always practiced around the world at the same time of year beginning around the autumnal equinox with the harvest moon through the winter solstice and ending in the spring. The Mysteries were practiced in Mesopotamia, Göbekli Tepe, Ancient Egypt, Asia, Australia, and even North and South America. I make this assertion based on some of the mythology of these cultures as well as iconography and artifacts that have been unearthed. I see evidence that they were practiced worldwide and always around the same time of year. One could argue that these mysteries have been practiced by humanity for at least the past 13,000 years. I would argue, however, that some of the cave paintings of early man also depicted some of this same iconography, dating back at least 30,000 to 40,000 years. As we will see, these traditions go back even farther than 30,000 to 40,000 years, and I would speculate many hundreds of thousands of years.

I don't seek to rewrite the many books that are out there that I know to be true treasures of humanity. Instead, I seek to share with you my own journey in the hopes it will act as a catalyst for yours. In this book I have embellished nothing, if anything I have left some things out, as hard as it may be to believe, all of this actually happened to me. I was never regressed or put under hypnosis to remember any of this. As you read this book leading up to September and then the winter solstice, I encourage you to put it down and read the books I read along my journey. The most important advice I can give is that you isolate yourself to the extent that you can with these books. Don't concern yourself with others. Turn your gaze inward. Turn off your TV. As we have already learned in the Homeric Hymn to Demeter if one eats, or is distracted, while in the underworld, they must return.

While writing this little bit of the introduction, I found myself unable to sleep late one night. I turned on the TV and started flipping through channels. I came across a movie that was just starting called 2010: The Year We Make Contact. It's the sequel to 2001: A Space Odyssey. The main character finds himself once again

heading back to the mysterious monolith that was discovered orbiting Jupiter. Throughout 2001 and 2010, there is the air of tension mixed with a creepy uneasiness. In 2010, the main character has a run-in with a character named Bowman who disappeared into the monolith during the first movie and was presumed dead. Bowman appears to various characters in seemingly paranormal ways. He appears as an old man, a baby, and as himself at the time he disappeared. He warns the characters repeatedly that the characters on the ships around Jupiter must leave the orbit of Jupiter in two days. When pressed on what is going to happen in two days, Bowman simply replies, "Something wonderful."

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It was the end of September 2017. After a brush with death in the form of a massive saddle pulmonary embolism, I was being discharged from the hospital. I hadn't shaven in a week. As I looked at my reflection in the hospital bathroom mirror, I noticed that I had two bald spots on my neck and chin where I was no longer growing facial hair. It looked ridiculous. While I stood there in my hospital gown shaving with the awful disposable razor they gave me, I examined the spots with a deep sigh and thought, What is this...? These are the scars I'm left with after all of this I suppose. I felt a little silly to worry about the spots. It seemed so vain considering I easily could have died.

The odd part about everything I had just been through was that at no point was I ever worried. At no point did I ever feel like I was in danger. I somehow knew this wasn't going to kill me. Being the ever introspective person that I am, I also had a strong feeling that my life would never be the same. Not because of the seriousness of my situation, but because of something. else I couldn't quite put my finger on as I stood shaving in the mirror at that moment, but I did have this sense that something had caught up to me, and everything was about to change. Little did I know how correct this moment of intuition would turn out to be.

In writing these words, and thinking of what I have endured, I am becoming incredibly emotional. Thinking about the worst days that were so packed with incredible pain that my teeth were chattering and filled with so much terror that all I could manage to do was lie on the floor in the corner of my bedroom shivering and crying like a baby; while everything I perceived to be reality was systematically shattered and crashing down around me. This is all so deeply

personal and so incredibly painful that, when I speak about these events, I often fall into a mess of incoherent emotion. This incident; this brush with death in the form of these blood clots, only marked the beginning of my descent into hell, where Persephone, the destroyer and bringer of death, was patiently anticipating my arrival. Standing with her mother Demeter, torches in hand, ready to burn away my mortal soul and initiate me into the truth and beauty of what it means to be human.

*Whenever two previously unrelated things are joined together a scar, or a seam if you will, is always the result; and when individuals are joined to previously unknown and unconscious aspects of themselves, scarring is the painful and inescapable result. It can only be ever thus: only when one is faced with something overwhelming can the archetype of wholeness be constellated. So do not be ashamed of scars. Valorize them; caress them; trace their course in your skin and in your mind's eye. Scars are roadways drawn onto maps of flesh, leading always to the beautiful truths buried deep within oneself.*

-Bradley Olson Ph.D.

Cultural Mythology-MythBlast/Scares and Scars,

The Joseph Campbell Foundation

As I got ready for my discharge, the doctor that had been taking care of me walked in.

"Are you ready to go home?" she asked with a smile on her face.

"I am," I said in a raspy, weak voice. She was thin and young. She was wearing blue scrubs with a white lab coat and long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail.

"Well, I have your discharge paperwork here and I just need to go over it with you before you go. The saddle pulmonary embolism you suffered was very serious and it could happen again," she explained. "Because of this you will have to take blood thinners for the rest of your life, which makes you non-deployable as you will need to be stationed near a medical treatment facility at all times. Unfortunately, because of the blood thinners and the inability to deploy, your medical record is

going to be submitted to a medical review board and you may not be able to continue military service, depending on the findings of the board." She paused waiting for some reaction, but I had none. "How long have you been in the navy?" she asked.

"Fifteen years with ten years at sea," I said.

"It would seem a shame to kick you out so close to your twenty-year retirement mark, but I don't know what the board will decide, I've seen these things go either way," she said. I told her I understood and signed my discharge paperwork. As I sat waiting for my ride, I reflected on everything that led me to go to the hospital.

I woke up in the middle of the night, a week prior, gasping for breath, I couldn't get air into me. I felt as though I had just been sprinting a marathon. In a panic, I threw the comforter off of me and scrambled for my phone to call for help. Before I could make it out of bed I saw my bedroom closing in and becoming dark. I was losing consciousness and I knew it. I started slumping over in my bed. Despite the violent surprise that woke me up: not being able to breathe; I felt a calm wash over me as my body went limp, and the room closed in. The last sensation I felt, as I slumped over, was a feeling of incredible peace as the left side of my face came to rest on the mattress.

The next morning. I decided I should go to the emergency room on base. I was still feeling incredibly short of breath. I drove myself there thinking that this was possibly some allergy or maybe pneumonia. When I checked in at the front desk they handed me a sheet to fill out. The sheet I was given stated that if you are short of breath to check in with the nurse at the front desk immediately. I didn't really feel like it was necessary to make a big deal of this, so I didn't, and chose to simply list shortness of breath among the symptoms I was having. I decided it would be best to wait my turn as there were people ahead of me who were already waiting when I arrived.

I was called back by a nurse and put on a bed behind a curtain. This was an emergency room on Andrews Air Force Base but had no hospital attached to it. After several minutes, a doctor came in and asked me about my symptoms. The doctor told me he thought I should get a CT scan of my chest and would also order some blood work. After the scan and blood tests, I lay there behind this curtain

awaiting some news as to what was going on. I wasn't waiting long before the doctor came in carrying a syringe.

"I have some bad news and it's pretty serious, but I have to give you this injection immediately, just lay back and relax," he said as he lifted my shirt and gave me an injection in my stomach.

"You have some massive blood clots in both your lungs. This injection I am giving you is a blood thinner. There is an ambulance on the way that will transport you to the hospital. You're going to spend some time in the intensive care unit there. I want you to understand that this is serious and incredibly life-threatening but we are going to do everything we can for you," he said.

Nurses walked in with various types of equipment to hook me up to. By the time they were done, I was covered in wires and tubes of all sorts. One nurse started to give me oxygen through a tube across my nose. She explained that the oxygen levels in my blood were low and this would help me breathe. I had been very short of breath, so this was something that I welcomed. I found it easier to breathe with the oxygen flowing and drifted off to sleep while I lay there waiting for the ambulance.

I was woken when the ambulance arrived as they unhooked all of the tubes and wires and then hooked me up to the tubes and wires of the machines and IVs that were going to accompany me in the ambulance. I felt so stupid. Why was this happening? What had I done to myself that caused this? These were the thoughts that were running through my head as I was loaded into the ambulance. I felt embarrassed and humiliated.

The hospital they were transporting me to had lost power and we were diverted to a different hospital. The woman who was caring for me told me to just relax because the trip would be a bit longer than they expected. She kept asking me if I was comfortable. I was, but I couldn't really talk as I was wearing a mask over my face for oxygen as opposed to the small tube across my nose.

I spent my birthday that year hospitalized in the intensive care unit recovering from the saddle pulmonary embolism that had nearly ended my life. I woke to a group of doctors examining me one morning. They explained a procedure they were going to do in which they would insert tubes into the arteries of my neck. They would



then push those tubes into the arteries of my lungs and drip blood thinners directly on the clots extending into the primary, secondary, and tertiary arteries in both of my lungs. There was an opening just big enough to allow blood flow all the way through. I was told I was lucky to be alive and that my recovery would be long and difficult. One doctor even told me that he'd never seen anything like this in anyone that had lived. He recounted the story of a man he was treating that died on the table right in front of him gasping for breath. The hematologist that saw me said that there was a young lady he was caring for that had a stroke and was now in a coma and her lungs didn't look as bad as mine.

I don't remember much of my hospital stay. I mostly slept and didn't even really eat anything. I woke occasionally to see various medical professionals standing over me pushing buttons and adjusting equipment around me.

One night, a wire that was connected to a node on my chest came loose. I was awoken when a nurse came in and started pulling at the blanket I was wrapped in, to get to the loose wire. I opened my eyes to the sight of a dark shadow standing at my bedside with only the light of the open door behind her partially illuminating the room. I was suddenly very uncomfortable with this. I didn't understand the reaction I was having. I was absolutely terrified as she tugged at the blankets. My heart was pounding and I had a rush of adrenaline that shot through me. I could see my heartbeat in my eyes and was beginning to see stars as I panicked and thought about how I could escape.

"Are you ok?" she asked. "You're white as a sheet. Are you feeling alright?" she said as she walked around the foot of my bed looking into my face. I lifted my hand to my face to rub the sleep out of my eyes and I noticed it was shaking with weakness and fear. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. "Can you breathe all right? Your heart rate is up there," she said.

"Yeah, I'm fine thank you, I think you just scared me coming in here in the middle of the night, I'm sorry," I said.

"I'm going to give you a bit more oxygen... you'll be more comfortable." She said as she walked around the room checking the machines and pushing buttons.

After my discharge, I spent the next several days at home recovering and taking it easy, I began to notice an intense ringing in my ears. One of my ears was irritated

and felt like there was water in it. I wondered if, on top of everything else, I might have an ear infection too but I wasn't in a rush to go back to the doctor any time soon.

I found that I was hyper-paranoid at night. The slightest creek in the house and I found I was jumping out of bed full of adrenaline and ready to fight. I recalled having a spell like this when I was a teenager. In one instance, I jumped out of bed so terrified that I grabbed a baseball bat and went down to the kitchen where I heard some rustling. I came around the corner ready to swing, but it was just my dad rummaging in the kitchen for a midnight snack.

"Oh!!" I said as I exhaled with relief.

"What, were you having a nightmare or something?" he asked; laughing as he made a sandwich.

The hyper-paranoia was worse this time. I was having nightmares as well. My dreams were terrifying to me. So much so that I was having difficulty sleeping. I would wake up covered in so much sweat that it looked like I had just been standing in the shower and I would have to change my t-shirt and shorts.

In one dream, I was inside a cave hiding behind a boulder. There was a man in a white lab coat who was laughing madly as he tortured a naked woman that was chained to a table. All I could do was hide terrified behind a rock inside the cave. In another dream, my parents were being hacked to death with an axe. This dream was really puzzling to me as my mother had passed away in 2015. I didn't understand where these dreams were coming from, they weren't me at all.

Thoughts like this never occurred to me, so why was I dreaming this? I had another crazy nightmare in which I was running around my house looking for a weapon I could use to defend myself, but stopped for a moment to look at a news report on TV as it was the latest breaking news. The footage showed bodies hanging from nooses in the trees around the White House lawn. The camera panned around the scene. There were crowds running through the street with weapons, covering their faces with rags as the air was heavy with smoke from tear gas and burning cars.

When I was younger, I would have recurring dreams every night. When I was very young perhaps in kindergarten-I would have dreams of standing barefoot in a white robe talking to throngs of people about God on top of a mountain. I saw the Pope one night on the news and told my mom that I wanted to be the Pope, she laughed at me, so I kept my dreams to myself. Later, the Pope came to our town. I was watching footage of him on the local news as he walked with reporters across a grassy lawn. I could see his white shoes popping out of the bottom of his robe as he walked. I remembered feeling upset that he wore shoes. I felt like he was a fraud. I remembered asking my mother why he was wearing shoes. I again told her that I needed to be the Pope.

One recurring dream that returned from my childhood was less pleasant. The dream begins with me sliding down this slope towards a cliff that looks like it is part of the Grand Canyon. I can't stop myself from sliding toward the cliff, down this slope, because it is too sharp of an incline and littered with small rocks, pebbles, and sand that enable my slide. When my feet reach the edge of the cliff, my body jerks and I wake up.

I began to consider that this pulmonary embolism had really messed me up pretty bad. It was changing my personality, my ears were ringing, I had these bald spots on my face, and I was having terrible nightmares of unspeakable violence. People being chopped up with chainsaws and axes. I didn't know where all of this was coming from. My thought was that maybe I had some oxygen deprivation due to the blood clots, and it had caused all of this somehow. At the time, it was my only explanation and it was very depressing. I was devastated at the prospect that this current state could be the reality of the rest of my life. I couldn't keep doing this. I was becoming depressed... severely depressed.

*The first time the disciple is consciously aware of it the suffering is terrible, because it seems to be a final state. It is known as the Ceremony of Terror, and two stanzas of the birth litany belong to it. LITANY:*

*1. I am nothing, save as a fragment to be burned and consumed.*

*II. 1, alone, am as nothing.*

*-Mabel Collins*

*When the Sun Moves Northward:*

*The Way of Initiation c. 1923*

One night, in December 2017, as my ears rang, I was sitting around as I took stock of my life, which I had pretty much done every day since my discharge from the hospital. As I pondered my life, my phone beeped; it was a text message from my older brother. He works as a middle school teacher, and we often text back and forth on a daily basis. I come from a very close family, and we were all still reeling from the loss of my younger brother, in 2010, and my mother in 2015.

My younger brother passed away after a two-year-long battle with colon cancer at the age of 29. My mother passed away

five years later. She had taken his death very hard, as we all did, and I believe it contributed to her own early demise. She died of heart failure due to complications with Addison's disease. Our family of five was now down to three in just five years, and

had nearly gone down to two with my own death. I had just transferred to a new duty station at the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) in Washington DC. I had only been there six months before I got sick and was thinking things weren't off to a great start here.

When I arrived in DC, I didn't have much with me. I piled just a few belongings into my beat-up 13-year-old truck and I drove to DC. I found a furnished room in someone's house for \$525 a month on Craigslist. It was my plan that this was just temporary for me. I would move into a house of my own and bring my dogs up here. I left them with a friend when I left for training several months before transferring. I was coming off yet another three-year sea duty tour and a lengthy deployment during which my mother had passed away, but at least I wouldn't be going anywhere for the next three years. My thought was that maybe I would have the opportunity to work on me during this shore duty tour.

We weren't a spiritual family growing up, in fact, we were proud and devout atheists. My father, having been an astronomer teaching at a university for the past thirty years, and my mother a nurse; in our household, if it wasn't provable by science then it didn't exist. My father was very interested in mythology, particularly as it pertains to the night sky, so Joseph Campbell was a household name growing up.

I hadn't taken any real interest in mythology or spirituality, so I wasn't really sure what "working on me" meant. All I knew at this point was something had to happen. I was falling apart, no doubt a physical symptom of the issues I hadn't dealt with. I thought often about my brother, his illness and early death, my mother and her death. I missed them terribly and not a day went by that I didn't think of them. I also often thought about how, following my brother's cancer diagnosis, the route that took me to and from work passed a large cemetery. I started taking a different route after his diagnosis. I couldn't face the fact that my younger brother might not survive and passing the cemetery was a daily reminder of that.

Before I had left my last command, I was sitting around talking to the junior guys I was in charge of when something unexpected slipped out. We were talking about how difficult military life is and how to deal with its complete lack of frills and comfort. I was giving them advice. Just little tidbits that had helped me cope along the way.

I said, "If you don't enjoy anything, then the Navy can't take anything from you, in fact nobody can." When I said this, I immediately felt the awkwardness of it. It's not what they wanted to hear. So, I added, "You need to find something in this experience that you learn from, something that, mentally, will allow you to chalk this up as a win for you." After my conversation with them, I thought a lot about what I had said. I thought about how awful it sounded to say that if you don't enjoy anything nobody could ever take anything from you. My thought was, What is wrong with me? Why don't I enjoy anything? I thought about how this was something I had always struggled with. Growing up, I always dreaded the first day of a class or the first day of school. Inevitably, there was always the routine of having to stand up in front of everyone and talk about who you are and what kinds of things you like to do. I would always struggle deeply with this. The truth is that there was nothing I enjoyed.

My outlook on life also kept me from hating things as well. I began to think that I was really becoming a terrible person. I was starting to think that maybe I needed therapy. I did know there was one thing I hated. I hated my life. I hated everything about it. But how could I improve that feeling if there was nothing that I liked or enjoyed? I would wake up in the morning and my first thought was always, I hate my fucking life. I thought about going out and getting a Mercedes or a Jaguar. I have

money, a net worth like others do not, a good job... But I pictured myself crawling into that fancy expensive car, pausing before I started it, and thinking once again, I hate my fucking life. At that point, I knew the fancy nice things weren't going to save me and they didn't matter anyway. Something isn't right, I thought as I sat there.

I looked down at my phone and read my brother's text message. As I was reading, the messages were coming in fast. He was clearly excited. He was texting me about a news article in the New York Times concerning a Pentagon UFO program. His next message stated that there was footage that had been released. The message after that stated that the former Senate Majority Leader, Harry Reid, was quoted in the article. I texted back and let him know that I would check it out. I secretly didn't want to have this conversation with him. My family always asked me about things they read, or would see in the news, concerning the military. I loved to impart my wisdom when they would ask me things, provided they didn't get into anything that I wasn't at liberty to discuss. This was something I thought I definitely wouldn't be able to discuss.

I read the article and watched the footage. My heart sank into my stomach as I watched what is now referred to as the "Gimbal footage." I had seen it before and was starting to become a bit emotional as it took me back to the memory of this experience. I knew my brother would be calling any minute to ask me about it. I was in a panic and my heart was pounding. I didn't know what I was going to tell him. I was thinking maybe I would just play it off. I went back to the article to try to make sense of why this had been released... Was it declassified? Could I talk about it?

I had been present in the battlegroup when the footage was collected and remember the incident as though it were yesterday. Until this point in my career, work had always been work. It was a place where I was a cool, calm, and collected professional above all else. I was happy to discuss generalities about the military, but when it came to anything I had actually seen or done, I would again speak in generalities or dodge the question completely. The nature of my job or its specific details were something I had never discussed with my family. For me this incident was different. It was inexplicably very emotional.

I was reliving the first time I had seen this footage as this encounter was unfolding. I had found that the footage spoke

to me on some level. As I studied it one day, I found tears were welling up in my eyes as though I knew something about this, but I didn't. I was unable to eat for several days, as my appetite had disappeared completely. At one point, the thought entered my head that I had brought them here. I was unable to shake this feeling because it was so powerful. This feeling grew stronger and more intense as the events unfolded. I remember feeling afraid to sleep. The feeling they were there for me was unsettling. I felt guilty about it and worried that I would be found out. These thoughts entered my head for some unknown reason.

One day, I walked past a couple of the pilots who were talking about it. As I listened to them discussing it in passing, I looked down at the floor and tried to sneak past them without being noticed. I was shaking with fear that someone might find out that I had something to do with this. I couldn't understand this reaction I was having, it was nonsense, yet the emotion was very real. How could I feel this way?

Out of everything I had done in the military, this was an instance where I was having a lot of difficulty. For many years it was always in the back of my mind. At the time, I studied this footage extensively looking for signs of propulsion. Watching it over and over again trying to make some sense of it. I remember driving home from work one day listening to an NPR story about black holes, concerning the discovery that gravity existed in waves. It was proven by measuring the waves as two distant black holes collided. I then understood that's what the propulsion was. It was anti-gravitic.

I was very aware of how communications worked. Communications also travel in waves. If you can broadcast on the same frequency as an unwanted signal with more power, you can block the unwanted signal. This discovery meant that you could essentially do the same thing with gravity. It was something that I thought about often. I never bothered to dig into the whole UFO thing, not because I didn't want to know, but rather because I didn't know where to start. There was so much garbage out there... fake CGI videos... bogus abduction stories... it was a circus of tinfoil hats that I didn't want to follow down the rabbit hole.

My phone started to ring. It was my brother. I had no idea what I was going to say. I let it ring a few times before I answered, because the prospect of discussing



something that had to do with work on this level made me feel sick to my stomach. I answered the phone with the thought that maybe he wouldn't even mention it. Maybe he'll talk about something else first.

"Hello," I said.

He asked, "Hey, did you read the UFO article?"

"Yeah I read it, it's pretty interesting," I replied.

"Have you ever encountered anything like that?" he asked. My esophagus was suddenly in a knot and I started to choke.

"I..." There was a long pause because I didn't know what to say. I was becoming emotional. I started to cough. My brother knows me very well and I knew that he knew something was off about my reaction. I was so pissed in that moment that I had paused. I wondered in that instant why I couldn't have just played it off and not let on that I knew anything. I was so disappointed in myself.

He asked, "Matthew? Are you there?"

"Yeah, I'm here," I replied.

"Have you ever encountered anything like this?" he asked, again. I thought about the article... thought about how Harry Reid had been quoted... this was all out there now... declassified... people were talking about it... I cleared my throat and choked a bit more. I was breathing very heavily and my heart was pounding out of my chest.

"Yes," I replied. "I was there in the battlegroup when this particular footage was collected." Now the pause was on his end. I don't really remember much about the rest of the conversation. He had a few questions. I had no answers, because I didn't know anything more than he did.

Several days passed before our next conversation. It was unlike him to not communicate for several days like this. I decided to call him. He answered the phone and sounded very down in the dumps.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He stated, "Oh, just trying to take all this in." At this point, the major news networks were all running the story of the Pentagon's UFO program. CNN, MSNBC, and Fox were all running it... it was everywhere. We talked for a bit about an organization

that was mentioned in the article called To the Stars Academy of Arts and Science that my brother and I were going to look into. I was actually excited, and I visited their website in the hopes of finding some answers. I hadn't bothered looking into this before, because I wasn't sure what was fact and what was fiction, but now I finally had a place to start. A place that had some association with the Pentagon, and for me, was sure to have more credibility than the grainy CGI videos, and aluminum foil hats that were all over the internet. The first thing I came across was the launch video for To the Stars Academy of Arts and Science. As the video opened there was a quote by Mark Twain up on the screen that read: "The two most important days in your life are the day you are born... and the day you find out why." It was something that stood out in my mind. In front of the screen there was a stage with a seated panel. I saw that this panel was made up of heavy hitters at the Pentagon. I was sure this was all legitimate.

In exploring the website for TTSA, I found that there were two books for sale. One was called Sekret Machines Chasing Shadows by Tom DeLonge and A.J. Heartly about the reverse engineering of alien tech by the government. And the other was called Gods: Gods, Men, and War by Tom DeLonge with Peter Levenda. I ordered them both and I read them both. They made a lot of sense. Gods spoke a lot about consciousness, religion, shamanism, and mythology. It was interesting but I didn't really understand where it was going. It also contained a phrase that I didn't really understand, "That which is below is like that which is above, and that which is above is like that which is below." I didn't fully understand what that meant at the time but it was something that stood out to me as it is mentioned several times.

Years ago, I watched a show on TV about otherworldly encounters. In the show there was an interview with an airline pilot who was flying around what we now call Area 51. He claimed he was diverted around the base by air traffic control. He made his course corrections, glanced out the window and saw what he described as fireflies lighting up in the sky around the base. He saw a giant landing strip illuminate on the ground as these fireflies zipped in at incredible speeds toward the runway one by one. At the time, I didn't think much of his experience, but now, in light of the books I read, I was starting to think about it differently. In an interview with Joe Rogan, Tom DeLonge mentioned he was detained and questioned by the government about the book. In reading and hearing these things I was very excited.

In the interview, Tom DeLonge mentions how Greek mythology plays some role in this but he was very vague about it. He talked about how the wreckage at Roswell had the word "Freedom" on it in ancient Greek. My reaction to hearing this was mixed. Freedom from what? What, was there some kind of war going on? Were there slave races out there that were fighting for freedom? Or was Tom DeLonge just a crazy nut? What was going on?!

I tried to look a bit into Greek mythology at this point but quickly discovered that it's so complex that you could honestly get a Ph.D. in Greek mythology and still not completely understand it. In looking this stuff up, however, I found the writings of Plato and Democritus interesting. In looking at mythology, I was taken off on this internet tangent and I began watching some documentary about Angkor Wat in Cambodia. There is a bas-relief that runs along an entire wall of the complex called The Churning of the Sea of Milk. It depicts an important part of Hindu mythology and explains the process of the origination of Amrita, which is the nectar of immortality. It depicts the Hindu gods churning the Sea of Milk, or Milky Way, in the making of this nectar of immortality. At one point, the gods begin to fight over the nectar. A bit of this nectar spills and hits various places. Some of it hits earth. I thought it was a neat story in terms of human mythology but I felt like I was getting sidetracked. Although, I thought it was incredibly interesting to be looking into all of this mythology that was impossible to grasp because of its infinite complexity.

On the website for TTSA there is a quote from one of its members, Steve Justice, about the changes this stuff will bring about for humanity, stating, "Revolutionary is too mild a word." This is what appealed to me. It was hopeful and I loved it. I was so happy that this was finally coming out into the public sphere. It means so many things-new energy technology, new propulsion-it could truly revolutionize the way we live our lives. All of those things are wonderful, and truly revolutionary, but what made it appealing to me was what it would mean for humanity going forward.

I began to comb through the staff that was listed on the TTSA website to see if any of these individuals wrote any books in the past. I came across Dr. Colm Kelleher, which led me to a book he wrote called Hunt for the Skinwalker. As I read, it all seemed pretty unbelievable and creepy at the same time, but I couldn't deny the credibility of the people involved. The book seemed to imply that what we call

paranormal was somehow linked to all of this. It seemed the more I read; the more I realized

that all of this stuff was already out there in the public sphere. Still, there was a part of me that was skeptical. Okay, so some of this stuff it turns out is true, but there's no way all of it's true, I **thought**. Another source for me was Jacques Vallée as he had written the foreword for Volume 1 of Gods, Man & War. I read The Invisible College and Confrontations both authored by Vallée. All of these books were a wealth of knowledge. I was reading things that I had thought existed only in the realm of tinfoil hats. Stories of abduction. The loss of control of one's body. The feelings of an urge to get in your car and drive. Feeling paralyzed as aliens conduct experiments on you. There were so many interesting abduction stories in Confrontations, but there were two that stood out to me as being particularly interesting for some reason. One of the accounts was that of Sergeant Herbert Schirmer who was on patrol near Ashland, Nebraska at 2:30 am on December 3rd 1967. The part of the story that sent a chill through me was the following:

*Schirmer recalled being taken out of the patrol car, unable to use his radio or his gun. He was given a tour of the saucer. The operator asked him, "Are you the watchman over this place?" And when they reached the top of the craft the man told Schirmer, "Watchman, some day you will see the universe!"*

This stood out to me because it seemed so profoundly poetic. But it didn't make sense. Poetic, yet it was nonsense as it was 1967, and no human would be exploring the universe with the technology we possessed at that time. It's not like Sergeant Schirmer was some kind of astronaut, he was a police officer. He wasn't even in the right field to be exploring the universe, even if it were possible. The other account that stood out is in the next chapter of Confrontations called "Happy Camp." The account is as follows:

*The main event took place five days later, on November 2, 1975, when the same principals (Steve, Stan, and Helen) and two other people drove down a dirt trail into the canyon at the base of Cade Mountain. They were still trying to find an explanation for what they had seen earlier, and they explored the area in more or less systematic fashion.*

*In the canyon, however, they found an area of heavy fog that forced them to turn back, and they became very confused about subsequent events. They*

*remember heavy boulders falling off the cliffs and bouncing around the truck. They remember the door locks being opened and a strange being telling Steve "you won't need that" when he reached for his gun. They believe they saw a hovering object. Helen recalls being lifted inside a room, but she is confused about the time sequence. One occupant had a dialogue with her, in the course of which he described a transparent object as being made of gold. Helen answered that she knew what gold was like, and it surely was not transparent. The being answered simply, "There is such a thing as gold that you can look through. It's in your Bible." Steve thinks he was in a craft with a transparent window on top and bottom, through which he was able to see China Mountain.*

*Their next conscious memory is of driving down the mountain, singing a chorus of an old church song. I find it interesting that the hymn they were singing was "There is Power in the Blood of the Lamb."*

It struck me as an odd encounter because of the whole gold description. And why would this being tell her it's in her Bible? What's that all about? As a devout atheist, I found it intriguing yet incredibly disturbing at the same time. Intriguing because it was coming from an otherworldly being, but disturbing that he would bring up the Bible. In doing so, it occurred to me that he could be misinterpreted to be endorsing one religion over another. To me, all religions are nonsense so I found it disgusting that such a being would even mention this. I decided to look into this because that prospect seemed so awful to me. It also struck me as odd that some being from some other place in the universe would have such an immediate and intimate knowledge of something like the human Bible or even the English language. I looked for the part of the Bible that was referenced by this being and found it in Revelation 21 in the King James Version of the Bible:

*The New Jerusalem*

*9 And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues,*

*and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.*

*10 And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the*

*holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,*

*11 Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;*

*12 And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names*

*written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:*

*13 On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.*

*14 And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.*

*15 And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.*

*16 And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.*

*17 And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.*

*18 And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.*

*19 And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;*

*20 The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte, the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.*

*21 And the twelve gates were twelve pearls: every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.*

*22 And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.*

*23 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.*

*24 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.*

*25 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.*

*26 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.*

*27 And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.*

It was clear to me in reading this that it was referring to a cube-shaped craft of some kind. Perhaps this is why the being

had mentioned it during the abduction experience. Perhaps this part of the Bible describes an otherworldly encounter and the author didn't understand what he was looking at thousands of years ago. It seemed a little less creepy to me now. This was just an example of someone encountering a cube-shaped craft in antiquity and not having the vocabulary to describe what he was seeing. I still wasn't sure about why they would be singing "Power in the Blood of the Lamb." Perhaps mentioning the Bible made them think this was a religious experience of some kind?

In *Confrontations*, Vallée includes a list where he classifies anomalies related to UFOs or UAPs, as they are now called. It includes lasting side effects. Physical effects, reality transformations and injury. He lays this out in a chapter called "The Price

of Contact." Vallée states:

*My own private conjecture, which deviates considerably from the accepted dogma among UFO believers, is **that we are dealing with a yet unrecognized level of consciousness, independent of man but closely linked to the earth.***

I went online looking for other sources and came across a YouTube video of an experimenter named Suzy Hansen. In it she claimed all kinds of crazy things. Abductions, tests, being allowed to pilot ET craft. It seemed like the type of madness that the internet was full of when it comes to this subject. At the end of her presentation she began crying and talking about the spiritual aspect of this. I didn't want to pursue anything like that. I needed credible sources. The things she was claiming were

way too out there for me.

I was online one night combing through some stuff and came across an experimenter checklist. I knew it probably carried little credibility but decided to open it just out of curiosity. I sat there reading this and, to my surprise, I started to feel very uneasy. Some of the questions seemed very familiar to me. It mentioned blood type, blood clots, nightmares, hyper-paranoia at night, and Addison's disease. It said that Addison's disease was a side effect of the constant tapping of the adrenal gland; this caused the gland to begin to not function properly over time. I had opened this with the expectation that it would have nothing to do with me. Or at the very least, I thought I would get a good laugh out of it. I choked as I realized it had everything to do with me and my stomach sank. "No," I said softly as I looked up at nothing in particular off in the distance. I was trying to wrap my mind around this. "No, it can't be..." I said aloud to myself. I looked down at my hands as they started to shake. My heart started pounding. I didn't want to believe it but deep down I knew it was true. I was worried.

At one point I came across Dr. Steven Greer in a YouTube video. He was taking people out to the desert and meditating. In this meditation he would have people project themselves astrally and ask for assistance. I saw one video where he was able to make craft appear in doing this. In another video I saw Tom DeLonge talking about his experience in doing this with Dr. Greer. It seems to work, so I decided to give it a try. I lied down in the bed of my truck one night and followed Dr. Greer's instructions. I asked for help in understanding what this was all about. I wanted to do something that would benefit the human race. I was very careful. I did just as he



suggests. I did this with love in my heart. As I did the meditation, I was tearing up a bit. It seemed a bit corny. It was in fact the first time I had ever meditated and it was surprisingly relaxing. I was, however, not surprised when nothing happened, but was a bit disappointed as I thought I had really tried. I figured if they had been abducting me I deserved answers. I began to think they were responsible for the death of my mother, possibly the death of my brother, and they had almost killed me with blood clots. I demanded answers and I was determined to get to the bottom of this. At the time, I even told my brother that I knew I would never be able to let this go until I knew the truth.

On the night of February 14, 2018, I was sitting in my truck, having a smoke before I went to bed, running out of options for credible sources, I remembered reading at the end of Sekret Machines about some tablets. Ancient tablets that were held in a glowing sapphire metal frame. It was a bit of a cliffhanger as that is where the book ended; without telling the readers what these tablets were and why they are significant. When I looked up ancient sapphire tablets, the first thing that popped up was the Ten Commandments. I was pretty disappointed. My immediate thought was, It can't be the Ten Commandments, that's just the corniest thing I've ever heard. I began looking up ancient tablets of all kinds. I came across the Tabula Smaragdina or Emerald Tablet. I began reading about it.

This tablet is what gave birth to alchemy in the middle ages. When I read that, my thought was, Well alchemy is just what became modern day chemistry. Or at least that was my idea of what alchemy was. It seemed interesting. Although they were the wrong color; green as opposed to blue, as described in Sekret Machines. I found translations of the tablet on a Wikipedia page. One was Isaac Newton's translation into English. My immediate sense was that this was just internet conspiracy theory nonsense. But I was forced to rethink that theory when I found a digital image of the translation in Isaac Newton's own handwriting at a major university, the text is as follows:

*Tis true without lying, certain and most true.*

*That which is below is like that which is above & that which is above is like that which is below to do the miracles of  
one only thing.*

*And as all things have been and arose from one by the meditation of one: so all things have their birth from this one thing by adaptation.*

*The Sun is its father, the moon its mother, the wind hath carried it in its belly, the Earth is its nurse. The father of all perfection in the whole world is here. Its force or power is entire if it be converted into earth.*

*Separate thou the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross sweetly with great industry. It ascends to the Earth*

*from the heaven & again it descends to the Earth & receives the force of things superior and inferior.*

*By this means you shall have the glory of the whole world & thereby all obscurity shall fly from you.*

*Its force is above all force, for it vanquishes every subtle thing & penetrates every solid thing.*

*So was the world created.*

*From this are and do come admirable adaptations whereof the means (or process) is here in this.*

*Hence I am called Hermes Trismegistus, having the three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.*

*That which I have said of the operation of the Sun is accomplished & ended.*

In reading this I didn't understand how this gave birth to what I thought alchemy was. It seemed to speak to something other than turning base metals into gold. I was shocked at the realization that of Isaac Newton's personal papers, the majority of them were writings about the study of theology and alchemy. The Emerald Tablet also contained the "as above so below" text that I remembered reading in Tom DeLonge's book. I didn't at the time understand it as I do now, but I did know at the time it was significant. Isaac Newton was the father of so much in the way of science. He was a genius, so why would he be investigating something like this? I had a kind of emotional response to reading his translation. It smacked of some kind of truth; but what? It was clearly cloaked in some esoteric meaning. I looked

for books concerning Hermes and ran into Hermetic teachings. The first book I came across was a book called The Kybalion by Three Initiates.

As I was sitting there in my truck smoking, looking all of this stuff up on my phone; I looked up in contemplation of all of this. I let my eyes wander across the backyard. I was parked in front of the 3-foot chain-link fence that enclosed the backyard. The previous owners of this house kept horses and there is an old stable off in the distance toward the back of the property. In the doorway of the stable I saw a shadow. It looked like a very tall, thin, all-white person that was bending down to look out through the doorway. I found myself fixated on this figure I was seeing, trying to make sense of it. I suppose I could have turned on my headlights to see what was going on, but I didn't. In the end, I figured it was just light playing with my eyes.

I looked back down and read the synopsis of The Kybalion on my phone. I wasn't impressed. It seemed a bit out there. In the synopsis I read about the seven universal principles it covered. It spoke to the fact that there is no such thing as chance, and that everything happens for a reason. There is only cause and effect. I read about how people have a hard time with this because it implies we have no free will. I definitely wasn't going to read it. It just didn't speak to me, so this was a dead end.

I wondered if there was a chapter of MUFON here in Maryland, as I was eager to dig into this stuff. I was finding posts and activities listed under MUFON Maryland that were a decade old. It didn't seem to me that there was an active chapter in the area, so this was again another dead end. I felt at this time that I was out of options for credible sources. I was still sitting in my truck and it was getting late. I decided to go to bed as I had to get up early in the morning for an appointment I had in Patuxent River. It was an hour and some change south one-way so that meant over two hours driving the next day. I resigned myself to the fact that I would just have to wait for more releases of information from TTSA. I decided, with that, I would call it a night and went to bed. Ignorantly unaware that the next day my life was going to change forever. In my hubris I decided that The Kybalion was something I could dismiss and brush aside; just as I had done with so many things up to this point. The experiences of people like Suzy Hansen and The Kybalion were nonsense to me. The next day, the universe would begin to bare down on me with all its

weight, in an absolutely terrifying demonstration of The Kybalion's principles; just for me.

## Chapter Two

### SUPERNATURAL AID

It was the morning of February 15, 2018, and I got up knowing I would spend a good chunk of my day driving. I went in to work in the morning just to remind everyone that I would be at my appointment in Patuxent River and that I likely wouldn't be back till after lunch. When I got these blood clots in my lungs a few months earlier, I was told my medical file would be presented to a medical board for review. The board would determine if I would be allowed to remain in the military.

Because of the severity of my clots, I was told I would need to take blood thinners for the rest of my life. This would make me non-deployable. At this point, I had about 15 years of active duty service under my belt. I could retire in just five years, so I decided to let the board know it was my wish to remain in service. I had spent about a decade of that on ships out to sea and I could go overseas for shore duty without breaking my duty assignment rotation. The board had come back with their findings and found me fit to continue active duty. I had decided I was going to stay in and retire. My appointment in Pax River was to sign the paperwork from the board finding me fit for duty.

In looking back at that decade at sea, I realized that there's nothing like military service. I really learned very quickly what I do and do not need. Out to sea there are no luxuries. Out to sea, every day is Monday. I would regularly work 12-20 hours a day depending on what was going on. At times I would only sleep every other day. There are no days off. Sometimes, on a deployment, we would leave homeport and not get a day off until we pulled into our first port call four months later. The big joke is that it's like the movie Groundhog Day, waking up every day to exactly the same routine as the day before.

Looking back on it, as I write this book now, I know all of this to be a significant life lesson; in doing this, I learned to cultivate many important personality traits that were key in enabling my journey. Despite the hardships, I found a way to enjoy what I was doing. I learned to disregard hardships; in fact, I had such disregard for them that I didn't even notice or mind them. The ordinary person is plagued by the monsters they allow to run wild inside themselves. Monsters that paralyze them with fear, anger, or worry at the slightest experience. In reflecting upon my life, I can appreciate its difficulties. At the time, it didn't seem difficult to me but I think about how few would have chosen the path I did. Or how few would have survived. How many people could work a 12-hour shift where you must be continuously alert followed by a five-hour watch outside the skin of the ship in 110 degree weather wearing 50 lbs. of gear behind a 50 caliber machine gun; the air thick with the smell of burning oil from the burnout stacks of drilling platforms littering the horizon off in the distance? And this followed by three hours in the ship's medical facilities standing suicide watch over someone who wasn't quite strong enough. And to do this every day, for months?

I'm going to quote a silent movie star here named Douglas Fairbanks because the quotes go a long way in explaining the type of person I've always been. I have already used a quote from a woman named Mabel Collins in the first chapter. Later in the book I will explain this. It may seem like this is coming out of nowhere but it's not. In *Laugh and Live* Douglas Fairbanks writes:

*People are divided into two classes - those who profit by experience and those who do not. The unfortunate part of it all is that the latter class is by far the larger of the two.*

*The man of vigorous purpose, fine constitution, and the full knowledge of self, sees through an experience as clearly as through a window. The glass may be foggy, but he knows what lies beyond. Self-reliant and strong he seeks knowledge through experience, while the weak man, the unhealthy minded, the inefficient, stands aside and gives him the right of way. In later years, however, they bitterly complain that they were not given the same chance to succeed.*

*The man of experience having long since passed through the stages of indecision has, through careful self-analysis learned to bridge difficulties that*

*would make others tremble with fear. He knows that every lane has a turning. He may not see it at the moment. He may not know where it is. But that doesn't worry him. He picks up his bundle and*

*trudges ahead, confident that victory awaits him somewhere along the line. The fact that he believes in himself, sets him apart from ordinary mankind. Many great men have been at a loss to understand why they attained success. It is well nigh impossible for them to outline the causes that led them to the top*

*rungs of the ladder. The reason is their lack of fear of experiences was an unconscious one, rather than a conscious one. However, they are willing to admit that acting on the principle of profiting by experience loaned them initiative with which to proceed. They soon came to know opportunity at sight and had only to look around to find it,*

*In Making Life Worth While Douglas Fairbanks writes:*

*In Laugh and Live, my sole purpose was to emphasize our first duty toward ourselves, which consists of doing our level best at everything we undertake, and making the best of every situation that arises to confront us.*

*All through my early life I read inspirational books and liked them best of all. They seemed to beckon me on. I could feel myself being pulled along by an unseen hand.*

My drive to Patuxent River was long and uneventful. I arrived there and signed the forms with the medical board's findings. I could remain on active duty. I felt good about it. I didn't want to have to look for another job right away and I was still in need of the paycheck the military offers, as I had been investing in real estate since 2007. It was my retirement plan. I still had one house in Portsmouth, Virginia that was gutted and I needed to put it back together so I could get tenants in there. After leaving the military, I would work some other job and live off the supplemental income the rental properties offered. This was my plan. These were the thoughts that were rolling around in my head as I drove back to Washington DC.

While contemplating the rest of my life on this long drive back to DC, I was cut off by this small hatchback that had zoomed up on my left side and pulled closely in

front of me. On the back window was a giant graphic. It read "MUFON Maryland, find us on Facebook." Oh! I thought. That's why I didn't find them when I looked them up last night, I don't have Facebook so that's the one place I didn't look. Just then I looked off the road and saw I was passing a Hobby Lobby. I had never actually seen one before but I was aware of the controversial Supreme Court decision concerning that chain of arts and crafts stores. Just as a side note, I'm watching the protests on TV as I write this. The protests concerning another controversy involving the Supreme Court, the swearing in of Justice Kavanaugh. It's funny that this type of coincidence should happen in this part of the book. As though to remind me that there is no such thing as chance or coincidence, as you also will begin to see as you read this book.

I followed behind this hatchback for several miles. My thought was that if he turned off into a gas station, I would get out and talk to the guy, but it didn't seem as though he would turn off, and he was going too fast. I was in uniform at the time so it might be weird if I got out and started asking him about the MUFON chapter. He would likely be suspicious of the uniform. It started to seem like not such a good idea after all. He'd probably think I was working for the government on some kind of fact-finding mission. I watched the hatchback disappear down the road speeding ahead faster than I was willing to go. At least I knew now that there was a Maryland chapter. I could create a Facebook account just to check them out.

I returned to work and things were pretty uneventful there. When I got home I spent the rest of the day doing laundry

and cleaning. It was getting late and I was almost out of cigarettes so I went and picked up a pack at the gas station down the street from the house. I smoked a few cigarettes before heading in to go to bed. It was about 10:30 on a Thursday night and I had to be up early for work. I did what I always do. I walked in from the kitchen door and set the alarm, as I wouldn't be going out again.

I walked into the living room where my roommate was watching television. He was watching some talking heads on CNN. He's a liberal just like I am, so this was in no way surprising, but he normally wasn't up this late. I had to walk in front of the television to go upstairs. As I headed up the stairs my roommate suddenly asked, "Do you know what this is all about? All this stuff with the Republicans?"

I stopped on the first few steps of the stairs, looked at him and said, "No, what?"

"Hobby Lobby!" he exclaimed. He then went on to explain how that Supreme Court decision had allowed all this dirty

corporate money to pour into political campaigns. I agreed. We spoke about it for a few minutes before I went up to bed. I shut my bedroom door behind me and was going to get changed and crawl into bed, but I paused. I started to think about how the night before I had looked up MUFON Maryland but didn't find anything on them, and how that car had cut me off with the MUFON Maryland, Facebook graphic. I had seen the Hobby Lobby and my roommate had just brought that up. It suddenly seemed like a day of coincidences.

As I pondered this for a moment, my heart began pounding. It was jumping out of my chest. I looked down and I could see it thumping under my t-shirt. It was alarming and uncomfortable. It was like the kind of pounding that would happen after a rush of adrenaline, but I didn't feel any rush, just the pounding in my chest. I wondered if it was because of the blood clots. Maybe they were back. I was getting worried. My hands started to tremble. I sat on the edge of my bed trying to remain calm. I then felt a powerful urge to get in my car and drive. Now that is weird, I thought. I lay carefully on my bed for a bit to see if this would just subside. I believed that I might die if it was the clots returning. The urge to get in the car and start driving was becoming more intense. I had never "FELT" the urge to go drive before. It was something that I had read in some of Jacques Vallée's books concerning alien abduction. I was scared. Terrified would be more like it. The urge to go drive and the pounding in my chest were not subsiding, so I decided to relent. I thought that if I just did this I would see there's nothing to it and it's just a silly thing.

As I exited my room and slowly walked down the stairs, pausing on each creaky step, pondering what I was about to do, I noticed my roommate had gone to bed. I wondered what would happen to me if I did this. What did this mean for me? More importantly, what did it mean for my sanity? This was a wild goose chase in the middle of the night. The house was completely dark and I used the light of my cellphone to navigate the darkness. I walked through the living room into the kitchen and disarmed the alarm. I set it again and walked out the side door and across the gravel driveway.

I could hear the gravel crunching under my feet with every step as I made my way slowly to my truck. I got in and started the engine. I noticed that my heart was no



longer pounding, but I still felt the powerful urge to go driving. That feeling was now mixed with a sense of urgency. It was incredibly powerful. I started crying.

This is madness... I thought, as I put the truck in reverse and backed out of the driveway into the first point of a three point turn to get out of the driveway. I hit the brakes and put the truck in drive. I paused. I began to think this was going to be unhealthy for me. Leaving the house late at night on wild goose chases that existed only in my own head. I thought about how I had been reading these books with all these strange stories of abduction and it was getting to me. I began to really break down. I was sure this would drive me to madness. I'd be in a straitjacket before long if I kept this up. I couldn't give in to this for the sake of my own sanity. The nightmares I was having, the nighttime paranoia, the ringing in my ears, the severe depression; all led me to believe I was starting to go crazy just like everyone I knew that has PTSD. If I did this then it would never end and I was already disappointed in myself for going this far. I had absolutely lost my shit. I wiped the tears from my face. It was then that I decided I would just pull back into my spot in the driveway, go upstairs and go to bed, forgetting this whole crazy thing.

In that instant, I felt one of the most uncomfortable sensations. The only way I can describe it is electrocution. I've touched live electrical wires before and felt that buzzing feeling. It was unlike touching an electrical wire in that it wasn't painful, but there was that uncomfortable buzzing feeling. It shot through my body as though I was attached to a light switch and someone had just flipped it. I could feel my toenail beds buzzing, they felt raw and exposed, as my foot involuntarily stepped on the gas pedal, and my hands turned the steering wheel toward the road. The buzzing stopped as the truck drifted

toward the road and I slammed on the breaks. It seems as though someone had turned off the switch. My ears were ringing pretty badly. I began taking these heaving deep breaths with tears rolling down my face. "What.... is... happening... to... me?" I said, now in all-out panic, pausing between each word with a deep heaving breath. My entire body began shaking with fear. I knew then that none of this was in my head. In my life I have felt many things, but never have I been able to induce the feeling of electrical shock in myself. I was feeling a very strong sense of urgency now. It was rather

intense. "Ok... ok I'm going," I said and stepped on the accelerator.

I didn't know where I was going. As I drove down the road trembling and wiping the tears from my face, I felt a sense of euphoria, it felt as though I was being rewarded for doing the right thing. I figured I would drive back down to Patuxent River, as I had been there earlier, and it seemed right. I wasn't sure how long this would take, so I decided I would stop at the gas station just before the Maryland 5 South to pick up a drink for the road,

I pulled into the gas station and parked at one of the pumps in front. My heart began to pound again. I froze. A feeling came over me that whatever reason I was made to leave the house was going to take place right here at this gas station. I was frightened by this. What was going to happen at a gas station, near the freeway, in a not-so-great part of town, nearing midnight on a Thursday? I was shaking with fear. My mind became full of possibilities. Was someone going to rob the gas station and I had to stop them? Maybe someone would start shooting and I was meant to die here? My eyes were welling up with tears as I was once again becoming emotional. I turned around and looked behind me, scanning the intersection to see what was coming. I looked out the side windows. I then scanned the front of the gas station. Looking inside to see if there was

something going on in there. Then I saw it... I had parked right in front of it. It was clearly out of place.

The gas station also sold fried chicken and had some tables on the sidewalk in front where people could eat. There was trash all over-chicken bones, empty fried chicken boxes, napkins blowing across the parking lot in the breeze. It was clear that given the time of night and location there was no way I should be seeing what I was seeing. Actually, even during the daytime this would have been odd.

Seated at the table by the door outside were three people; a man and two women eating together. The man was clearly homeless. I could see that from across the parking lot. The two women were immaculately dressed. They looked like many of the civilian women I worked with. Women like this would not be at a gas station near the freeway at midnight eating with a homeless man. They were dressed to the nines in a smart and professional manner as though they were about to go brief Congress or something. I also knew that I was supposed to hear what they were talking about. I was afraid to leave the truck. I looked down at the door handle. I heard a voice say very forcefully "GET OUT." I collected myself for a moment then

reached for the door handle with my trembling hand and pulled it as I once again felt this powerful urgency. I stepped out of the truck and shut the door.

As I slowly and cautiously walked across the parking lot, my knees were trembling with fear. I was choking back tears as I tried to compose myself. I was a mess. My senses were heightened, and I was in a state of absolute terror. As I walked toward the table I noticed more detail. The homeless man was filthy. There was dirt and grime literally caked on his clothing. His stained jeans were shredded around his ankles and he had grass in his hair. I could see clearly now one of the women was a thin, light-skinned African-American woman with short straight hair and not a single one of those hairs was out of place. She was wearing a tweed skirt with purple, black, and cream-colored threads woven into it. A matching short jacket hung on the back of her seat. She was wearing a long sleeved satin cream-colored blouse that tied in a loose bow at the neck. Her makeup was perfect. She was clearly a very classy lady. As she spoke, she was very animated with her hands. The other woman was dressed similarly. She was Hispanic and had long hair that was pulled into a bun at the back of her head. She was wearing simple pearl earrings and her makeup was also perfect.

As I passed them with my ears wide-open, the African-American woman lifted her hand and pointed at the homeless man as she began to speak. She was clearly responding to something he had just mumbled. I could see a thin diamond tennis bracelet hanging around her wrist. There was a small hanging gold chain at the bottom that made up part of the clasp. It was stunning to me that these two women were seated there with this homeless man, but they seemed so comfortable and fearless,

With her arm stretched out pointing at the homeless man, the African-American woman said, "You see! There's no such thing as chance! Everything happens for a reason. I never sit at places like this but something told me to sit here tonight."

With that I entered the store to purchase my soda. Taking a deep breath, I headed for the coolers in the back as I choked back tears. I thought about what the woman had said, and the coincidences throughout the day. It became clear to me that I needed to read *The Kybalion*. The *Kybalion* stated exactly what this woman had just said. The coincidences and electrical shock that had brought me to this gas station

in the middle of the night were no accident. I wanted to completely break down. How

could all of this have happened and come full circle back to this book I was looking at the night before. It was purposeful. I

knew then that I would begin reading this book the next day.

Standing in line at the gas station, I had hoped that the night was over. I thought about how I couldn't take any more; mentally, I just couldn't handle any more tonight. I wondered if I should join this conversation at the table outside but a feeling washed over me that I had heard what I needed to hear, and had figured it out, there would be nothing else tonight. As I left the store still shaking and weak-kneed, I could hear they were discussing God. Being a proud atheist, I didn't think I would want anything to do with that conversation. I felt relieved and calm as I drove home. I went to bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

The next morning, I awoke and went to work just as I would any other morning. I thought about what had happened to me the night before. It made me feel incredibly uneasy. I knew I couldn't tell anyone about it. People would think I was crazy. I knew the events of the previous evening were significant and I needed to think about them. It was sobering to say the least, but I was very curious, and I looked forward to leaving work and cracking open The Kybalion, All-day at work my mind was

elsewhere. What happened last night? What was that? How was all of that even possible?

I came home for the weekend and found a copy of The Kybalion online. I listened to a LibriVox recording by Andrea Fiore.

I was struck immediately by some of the eerie parts of the first few pages of the book. Given the very purposeful means by

which this book was placed in my lap; these parts caused the hair on the back of my neck to stand up.

The lips of wisdom are closed, except to the ears of understanding-The Kybalion.

The book starts with this quote. Given the manner in which I came across this book, I wondered if I had ears of understanding, and what did that even mean anyway?

The Hermetists have never sought to be martyrs, and have, instead, sat silently aside with a pitying smile on their closed lips, while the "heathen raged noisily about them" in their customary amusement of putting to death and torture the honest but misguided enthusiasts who imagined that they could force upon a race of barbarians the truth capable of being understood only by the elect who had advanced along The Path.

I found this to be particularly confusing. It seemed cold to me. If there were people who didn't understand something then why not teach them? All of the hostility that the above statement implied was something I couldn't really wrap my mind around.

*And the spirit of persecution has not as yet died out in the land. There are certain Hermetic Teachings, which, if publicly promulgated, would bring down upon the teachers a great cry of scorn and revilement from the multitude, who would again raise the cry of "Crucify! Crucify!"*

Crucify? What, like Jesus? I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable with the idea that there were some kind of religious implications here. It wasn't something I had ever believed in. The idea that this could have to do with Christianity made me very uncomfortable. But the book did mention occult teachings. I wasn't sure which one of those made me more uncomfortable,

*The passage of this book to those ready for the instruction will attract the attention of such as are prepared to receive the Teaching. And, likewise, when the pupil is ready to receive the truth, then will this little book come to him, or her. Such is The Law. The Hermetic Principle of Cause and Effect, in its aspect of The Law of Attraction, will bring lips and ear together-pupil and book in company. So mate it be!*

When I read this, the hair on the back of my neck and arms stood up. I understood the method by which I had come to be reading this book, and I knew it was no accident. I didn't understand how someone could have written a book over 100 years ago, and know that it would be purposefully distributed in such a seemingly paranormal way. What is going on here? "When the pupil is ready to receive the

truth..." I thought about this for a moment. Everything in this book must be truth... And for some reason, I must be ready to learn these things.

*If you are a true student, you will be able to work out and apply these Principles if not, then you must develop yourself into one, for otherwise the Hermetic Teachings will be as "words, words, words" to you.*

For me, the book was a hard pill to swallow.

The first principle of the book is mentalism which states that the universe can be thought of as a mental creation that stems from a single consciousness. While reading this I thought to myself, How could one even know that? How could you even prove this? I found it hard to believe while also pondering the fact that I couldn't dismiss the means by which I came across this information, which I found incredibly unsettling. I found the following words incredible and of little comfort. I felt terrified at the prospect that this was true.

*And death is not real, even in the relative sense-it is but Birth to a new life-and You shall go on, and on, and on, to higher and still higher planes of life, for aeons upon aeons of time. The Universe is your home, and you shall explore its farthest recesses before the end of Time. You are dwelling in the Infinite Mind of THE ALL, and your possibilities and opportunities are infinite, both in time and space. And at the end of the Grand Cycle of Aeons, when THE ALL shall draw back into itself all of its creations-you will go gladly, for you will then be able to know the Whole Truth of being At One with THE ALL. Such is the report of the Illumined-those who have advanced well along The Path.*

*And, in the meantime, rest calm and, serene-you are safe and protected by the Infinite Power of the*

*FATHER-MOTHER MIND.*

I did not feel rested, calm, or serene. I was uncomfortable. Incredibly uncomfortable. It was late and I was lying in bed listening to this. I wanted to climb the walls. I didn't understand how anyone could ever know this. What did that mean for me? Was I a good person? What about all that talk of eternal punishment that exists in so many religions, what is that? Granted, my experience didn't involve abduction or anything, but if it were otherworldly beings that were pointing me in

the direction of this book... I mean from everything I understand about these craft is that they ride around in a space-time bubble that the craft generates. Any being that had the smarts to be able to figure this out probably knows what they're talking about. More so than I ever would. It was shocking. I felt sick.

The principle also speaks to the fact that everything is alive and has consciousness. Everything from humans to the smallest possible particle of matter. In thinking about this it does in fact make sense. There are some things in physics that we don't understand, such as particle entanglement and the double slit experiment. I won't go into any detail of those two examples here but you can readily look them up yourself. They do imply a consciousness to the universe.

The second principle is correspondence, which states that there are other planes of existence and that there is always correspondence between these planes. Most humans are currently only aware of the physical plane. As above, so below; as below, so above.

The third is the principle of vibration. This states simply that everything is in a constant state of vibratory motion. This makes sense scientifically as well, in terms of atomic structure. Atoms are in a state of constant motion within themselves.

The fourth principle is polarity. This principle states that everything has poles and therefore has its opposite. Opposites are not completely different things, they are the same thing that just varies in its degree. The principle applies to everything, but I found it most useful in terms of human emotion. The example given in the book that people can apply in their everyday lives, just as I have, is that of love and hate. If you think of love and hate as the same emotion and that love and hate vary in degree, you can begin to conceptualize that; as someone who controls one's own emotions, you can, in fact, choose where on

that pole you will rest.

The fifth is the principle of rhythm. It states that there is a rise and fall in everything. A swing backwards and forwards. A pendulum movement, as it were.

Everything flows, out and in; everything has its tides; all things rise and fall; the pendulum-swing

manifests in everything; the measure of the swing to the right is the measure of the swing to the left; rhythm compensates.

The sixth, the principle of cause and effect, states that for every cause there is an effect and every effect has its cause, even though causes and effects may not be readily apparent to us. When reading this it occurred to me that this is true.

Nothing is random. Even the lottery isn't random, it's just complex causes and effects. The balls are released into a tumbler moving at a certain speed, they slam against each other, against the tumblers, and the sides of the container at certain angles based on the speed and mass of the balls. The outcome is actually a certainty based on the physics and math given differing variables of the positions of the balls upon their release, the speed of the tumbler, and the time at which the balls are sucked into the selector. It would actually be possible to predict the results every time.

It was getting really late as I listened to the seventh principle, the principle of gender. I was laying in my bed by this point. The principle of gender refers to generation. Generation on the physical plane manifests as sex but it in fact refers to creation. It also applies to everything. The mind can create and generate thoughts and ideas on the mental plane. In terms of the mind, it speaks of the female and male aspects of the mind or the desire and will. People have sex and generate life. This principle is evident in even the smallest particles. Atoms and particles becoming entangled in the conscious effort of creation with their likes and dislikes, known in science as chemical affinity.

As I lay in bed listening to this I was looking at the wooden frame around one of the windows to my left. I had the thought that the atoms within that wood came together to create its structure. A human came along and had the desire to create the trim, his will allowed him to follow through with the desire to make it happen, and trimmed it down to create the frame from the conception that was created in his mind. It was all the principle of generation through and through in everything. The significance of this thought that I had was not immediately known to me and will become apparent in the next chapter. Although, when I was living the next chapter, I didn't immediately understand this until I started to put

things together much later, as you will see. When I was living through it, however, I was always one step behind what was



happening. I would experience something, then come across the explanation as to what it meant.

Although there was a lot in the book that seemed a bit out there, I could see its truths. There was quite a bit in The Kybalion that I knew through personal experience were true such as the following:

*The normal method is for the Masculine and Feminine (will and desire) Principles in a person's mind to coordinate and act harmoniously in conjunction with each other. But, unfortunately, the Masculine Principle in the average person is too lazy to act-the display of Will-Power is too slight-and the consequence is that such persons are ruled almost entirely by the minds and wills of other persons, whom they allow to do their thinking and willing for them. How few original thoughts or original actions are performed by the average person? Are not the majority of persons mere shadows and echoes of others having stronger wills or minds than themselves? The trouble is that the average person dwells almost altogether in his "Me" consciousness, and does not realize that he has such a thing as an "I" He is polarized in his Feminine Principle of Mind, and the Masculine Principle, in which is lodged the Will, is allowed to remain inactive and not employed.*

My jaw dropped at this statement. I have always found the above statement to be true. Particularly when it comes to money. When the bottom fell out of the housing market many years ago, I had steady income and saw opportunity. I began buying real estate. It hadn't been this inexpensive in a long time and likely wouldn't be again. In doing so, I was able to acquire several rental properties that I gutted, put back together, and subsequently rented out. It was a lot of hard work, blood, sweat, and tears but I persevered. I had a thought of buying these properties and turning them into rentals. It was something I knew could sustain me and my family into old age. I had a thought and followed through with action. It was something that had always been true of me. I can see how difficult it is for others to do this. I always supposed that the reason for this was because of failure.

If anything fails in any process then you would be forced to take responsibility for that failure. But if you are following someone else; well, you can blame them for that failure and wash your hands of any wrongdoing. The big thing the public doesn't understand is that there is no failure. It doesn't exist. I know this idea also

to be key in my journey. You may make mistakes and slip up here and there, but you get up, dust yourself off and learn from your mistakes. If, in your error, you learned anything, then it is not failure, it becomes a learning experience and you can therefore chalk it up as a win.

What people fail to see in these situations is that even if you blindly put your faith in someone or something else, was it not you who decided to do this? And therefore you also share the blame. This has been one of my dearest philosophies in life and here it was in this book. The desire to do something and having the will to follow through with that desire. I was also constantly checking myself against these types of philosophies I had read about in The Kybalion and also in the writing of Douglas Fairbanks. (At this point I had not yet read any of the books by Douglas Fairbanks but I have decided to interject these quotes because they belong here at this point in the book.) Douglas Fairbanks addresses this in his book Live and Laugh:

*In taking stock of ourselves we should not forget that fear plays a large part in the drama of failure. That is the first thing to be dropped. Fear is a mental deficiency susceptible of correction, if taken in hand before it gains an ascendancy over us. Fear comes with the thought of failure. Everything we think about should have the possibility of success in it if we are going to build up courage. We should get into the habit of reading inspirational books, looking at inspirational pictures, hearing inspirational music, associating with inspirational friends and above all, we should cultivate the habit of mind of thinking clean, and of doing, wholesome things.*

*"Guard thyself!" That is the slogan. Let us "take stock" often and see where we stand. We will not be afraid of the weak points. We will get after them and get hold of ourselves at the same time. Some hook might give us help - a fine play, or some form of athletics will start us to thinking. Self-analysis teaches us to see ourselves in a true light without embellishments or undue optimism. We can gauge our chances in no better way. If we grope in the darkness we haven't much of a chance. "Taking Stock" throws a searchlight on the dark spots and points the way out of the danger zone.*

I had always felt the same way about spirituality that I did about money. I could never bring myself to sit and listen to someone tell me the way things are. I need to see the proof. I can't just blindly follow. I've never been able to do that. I need

to know or have some idea based on my own experience. Even as I sit and write this book I have a problem with religion. The churches' stance that the only way to God is through them has never sat well with me. I've seen too many occasions in history where this is twisted to manipulate the public for the financial gain of a few. That being said, I have always had an open mind.

If someone could show me proof, then I was willing to entertain the thought. This is exactly what had just happened. I had come by this book that smacked of some truth. I couldn't deny that I had come by this knowledge by some extraordinary means. So, I am willing to entertain the thought even though it was unsettling and uncomfortable. When I finished the audiobook, I put my phone on the nightstand, and tried to go to sleep. I must have stared at the ceiling for several hours. It was dark in my room and my eyes were wide-open. There was nothing I could do to make myself comfortable in any way. I was screaming inside.

After listening to The Kybalion audio book several times, I thought I had a pretty good grasp on it. At the time I thought, Okay, I've got it, now I'm ready for more conscious experiences from which I can learn. With that thought began my entrance into the belly of the beast. I was not prepared in any way for what was about to happen next or the events of the next several months. I had no idea what was about to happen. As unsettled as I felt, it was mild, things were going to get much worse. I had no idea at the time but the events of the next several months were going to completely destroy me.























